TV COMIC

THE DUKES OF HAZZARD-INSIDE!

12p

Number 1505
24th October, 1980
Every Friday.

THE INSPECTOR * POPEYE * MIGHTY MOTH

TOM and JERRY

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD GAME OF FOOTBALL - EH, JERRY?
BOOT!
WHAT A SHOT! STRAIGHT THROUGH THE CHANGING ROOM DOOR! CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!
A SPARE PAIR OF BOOTS! THEY SHOULD IMPROVE MY FINISHING POWER NO END!
WELL, I SHOULDN'T DISAPPOINT HIM, SHOULD I READERS?

Continued on page 2

HOW ABOUT THIS END, TOM ?. I RECKON I'M BANG ON TARGET!
YAARROO!
TIME I WENT TO SEE HOW THE TEAM ARE GETTING ON!
THROB, THROB
GROAN
A LITTLE LATER...
SNARL! JUST WAIT TILL I LAY MY PAWS ON THAT RODENT!
H'MM! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE IS COMING AGAIN!
SEETHE!
RATTLE
WATCH ME GET TOM ALL RATTLED!
CHEERIO, TOM, I'M OFF!
LOOK OUT!
TWIRL
COME BACK HERE!
OOF!!
WHAM!
BOOT!
THWUMP!!
GUESS TOM GOT CARRIED AWAY, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! HO! HO!
GASP! WHEEZE! PANT!

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BASIL BRUSH

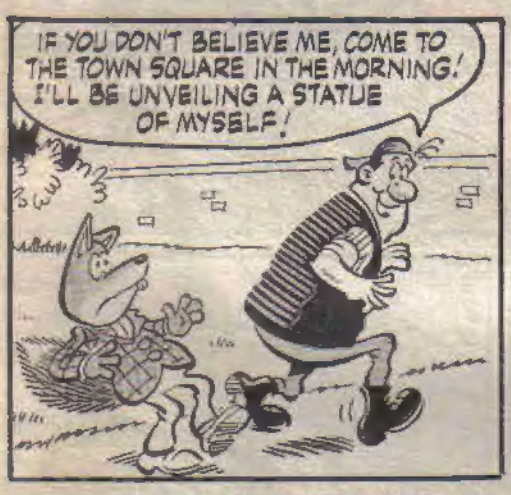
THE DUSTMAN IS HERE AT LAST! I'M GOING OUT TO HAVE A WORD WITH HIM!

OI! I'M NOT TAKIN' THIS LOT! THERE'S TOO MUCH!

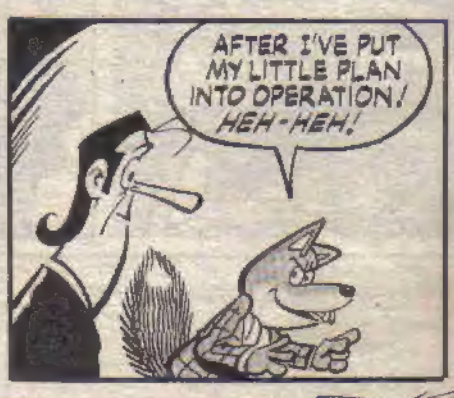
BUT YOU HAVEN'T COLLECTED FOR THREE WEEKS, THAT'S WHY!
THAT'S YOUR 'ARD LUCK, MATE!

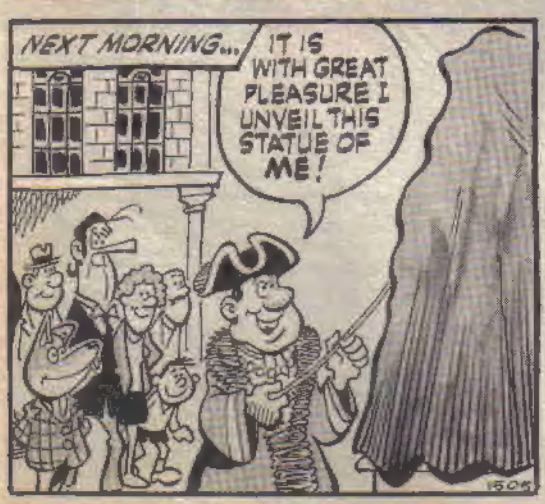
I HAVE INFLUENCE IN THIS TOWN! I WILL COMPLAIN PERSONALLY TO THE MAYOR!
THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD ...

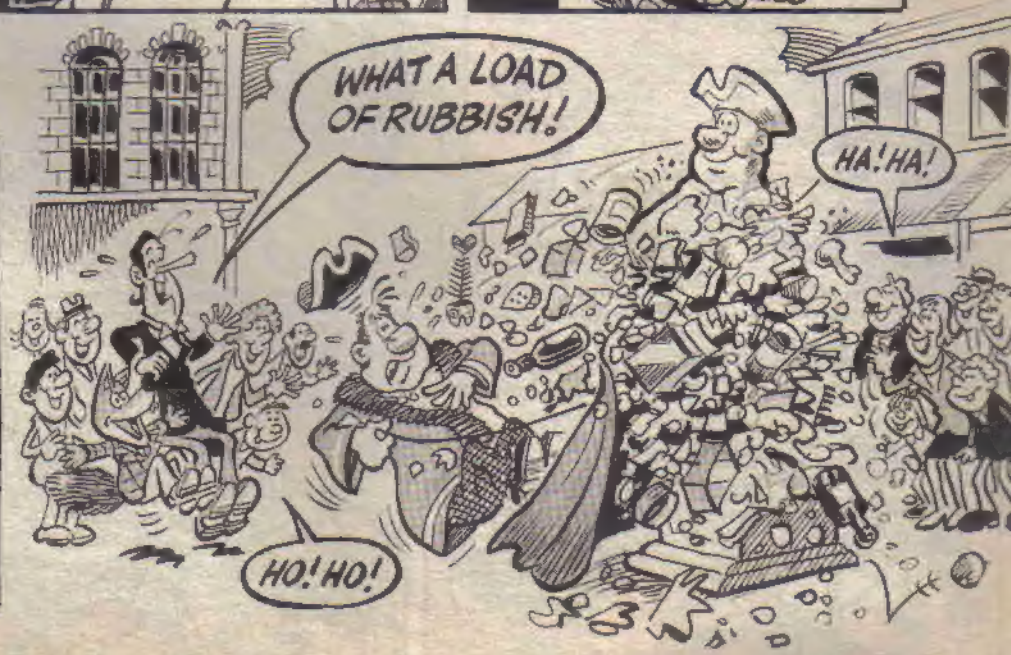
...BECAUSE I AM THE MAYOR!
WHAT?


IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, COME TO THE TOWN SQUARE IN THE MORNING! I'LL BE UNVEILING A STATUE OF MYSELF!

'E'S RIGHT, GUV! IT'S 'ERE IN THE LOCAL PAPER!
AND WE SHALL BE THERE TO SEE IT, CHUMMERS!


AFTER I'VE PUT MY LITTLE PLAN INTO OPERATION! HEH-HEH!


NEXT MORNING...
IT IS WITH GREAT PLEASURE I UNVEIL THIS STATUE OF ME!


WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH!
HA! HA!
HO! HO!

THE PINK PANTHER
OH, DEAR! MY RENT BOOK'S FULL. I'LL HAVE TO SEE MRS. HOTCHKISS, MY LANDLADY!
SHE'S SURE TO WANT TO PUT THE RENT UP, BUT I'M CRAFTY!
1505
I'LL BUY HER A BUNCH OF FLOWERS! SHE'LL BE SO PLEASED, SHE'LL LET ME HAVE THE FLAT FOR ANOTHER YEAR AT THE SAME RENT!
FLORIST
OPEN
£1 WELL SPENT WHEN YOU THINK WHAT IT'LL SAVE ME IN EXTRA RENT! I'LL WALK ACROSS THE PARK TO HER PLACE!
PARK
BUT...
'ALLO, 'ALLO!
OH, NO! IT'S THAT PARK KEEPER AGAIN!
PICKING FLOWERS IN THE PARK, EH? THAT'LL COST YOU A FINE OF A FIVER, MATE!
I DIDN'T PINCH THEM! I JUST BOUGHT THEM!
A LIKELY STORY! PAY UP OR I TAKES THE FLOWERS!
IT'S NO USE ARGUING WITH HIM! STILL, JUST THINK OF ALL THE RENT MONEY I'LL SAVE!
'OLD ON! YOU COULDN'T 'AVE PICKED THE FLOWERS WITHOUT WALKING ON THE GRASS AND THE PENALTY FOR THAT IS £2!
SO...
'ALF A MO! THE PARKS ONLY BEEN OPEN TWO MINUTES, SO YOU MUST 'AVE COME IN BEFORE TIME! THAT'LL COST YOU ANOTHER ANOTHER QUID!
£1 FOR THE FLOWERS AND £8 IN FINES! IT'LL STILL BE WORTH IT THOUGH!
AT LAST!
GOOD MORNING, MRS HOTCHKISS I'VE...
AH... AH...
AACHOOO!
YOU INCONSIDERATE CREATURE! FLOWERS BRING ON MY HAY FEVER!
FOR THAT (SNIFF!) I'M PUTTING YOUR RENT UP £2 PER WEEK!

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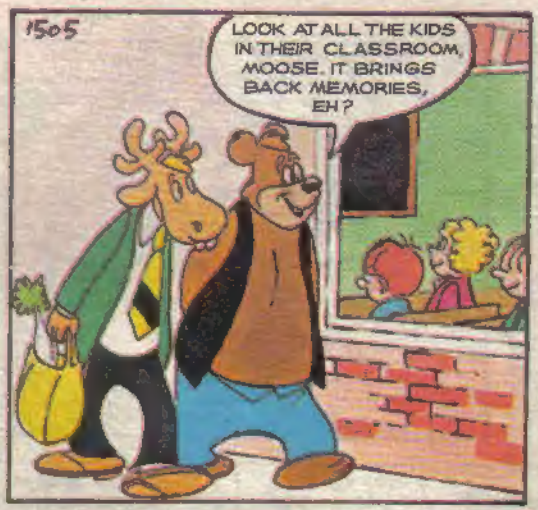
BARNEY BEAR



SOON..
DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING, BARNEY?
YES. TEACHERS ARE STRICTER THAN IN OUR DAY. THEY EVEN WHACK YOU FOR GETTING ALL THE ANSWERS RIGHT!

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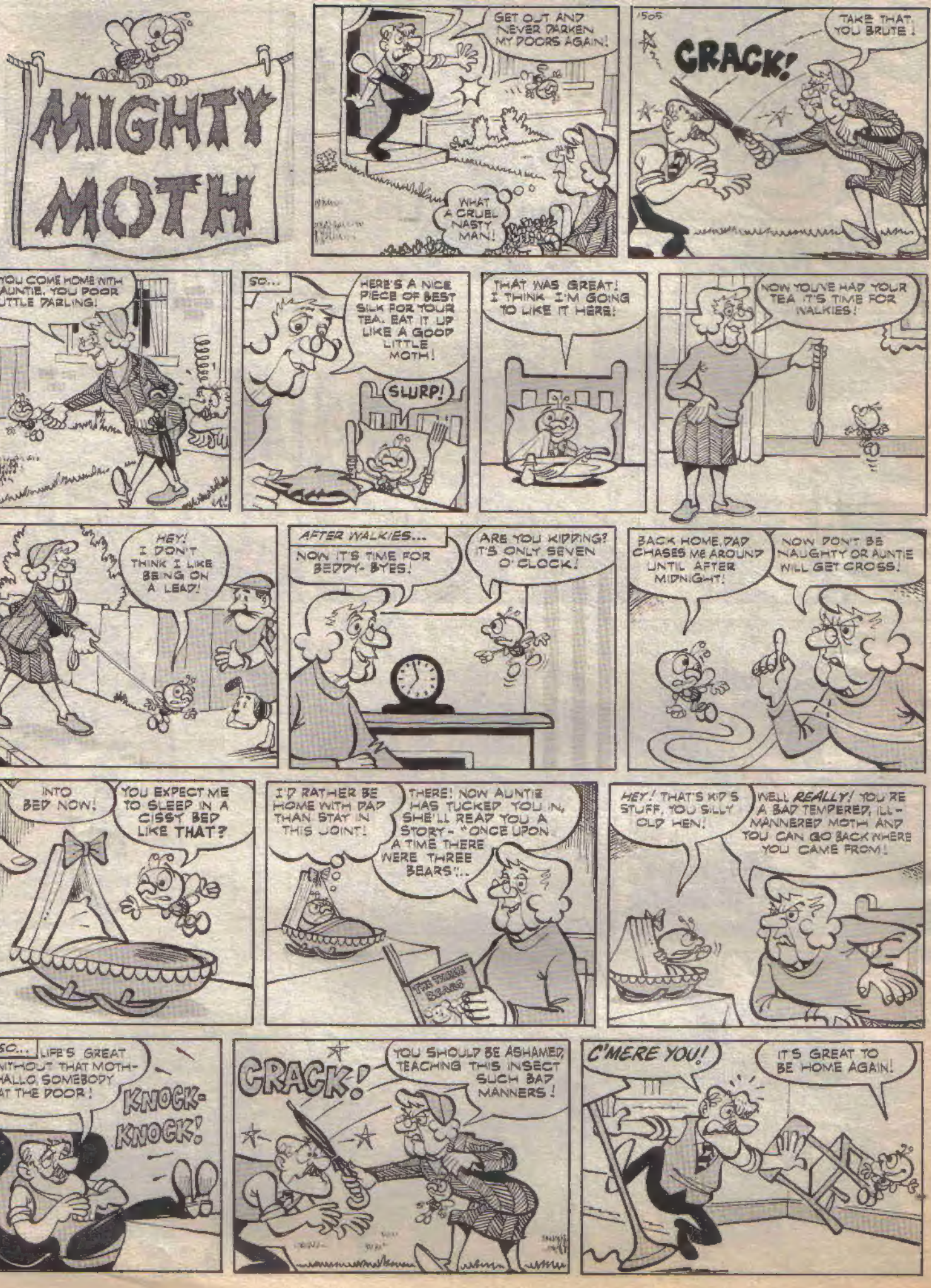
MIGHTY MOTH
GET OUT AND NEVER DARKEN MY DOORS AGAIN!
WHAT A CRUEL NASTY MAN!
1505
CRACK!
TAKE THAT, YOU BRUTE!
YOU COME HOME WITH AUNTIE, YOU POOR LITTLE DARLING!
SO...
HERE'S A NICE PIECE OF BEST SILK FOR YOUR TEA. EAT IT UP LIKE A GOOD LITTLE MOTH!
SLURP!
THAT WAS GREAT! I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE IT HERE!
NOW YOU'VE HAD YOUR TEA IT'S TIME FOR WALKIES!
HEY! I DON'T THINK I LIKE BEING ON A LEAD!
AFTER WALKIES...
NOW IT'S TIME FOR BEDDY-BYES!
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S ONLY SEVEN O'CLOCK!
BACK HOME, DAD CHASES ME AROUND UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT!
NOW DON'T BE NAUGHTY OR AUNTIE WILL GET CROSS!
INTO BED NOW!
YOU EXPECT ME TO SLEEP IN A CISSY BED LIKE THAT?
I'D RATHER BE HOME WITH DAD THAN STAY IN THIS JOINT!
THERE! NOW AUNTIE HAS TUCKED YOU IN, SHE'LL READ YOU A STORY - "ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE BEARS"...
THE THREE BEARS
HEY! THAT'S KID'S STUFF, YOU SILLY OLD HEN!
WELL REALLY! YOU'RE A BAD TEMPERED, ILL-MANNERED MOTH AND YOU CAN GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!
SO... LIFE'S GREAT WITHOUT THAT MOTH-HALLO, SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK-a KNOCK!
CRACK!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED, TEACHING THIS INSECT SUCH BAD MANNERS!
C'MERE YOU!
IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN!

The BUGS BUNNY show
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S UP, DOC! MY WHOLE LIFE IS RULED BY CARROTS!
CARROTS! CARROTS! CARROTS!
KEEP CALM! JUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
MY HOUSE GETS ITS NAME FROM CARROTS!
CARROT TOPS
"I EAT CARROTS ALL DAY LONG..."
"THEY EVEN TAKE OVER MY HOBBIES!
STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE WITH A NUMBER NINE CARROT!
"I GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT IN MY CARROT-SHAPED BED AND DREAM ABOUT..."
"GUESS WHAT?"
JUST FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS AND COME AND SEE ME IN A WEEK'S TIME!
SO, A WEEK LATER...
NEXT!
DOCTOR, IT WORKED! I'VE LOST ALL MY HANG-UPS ABOUT CARROTS! HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?
FIVE POUNDS OF CARROTS, PLEASE!
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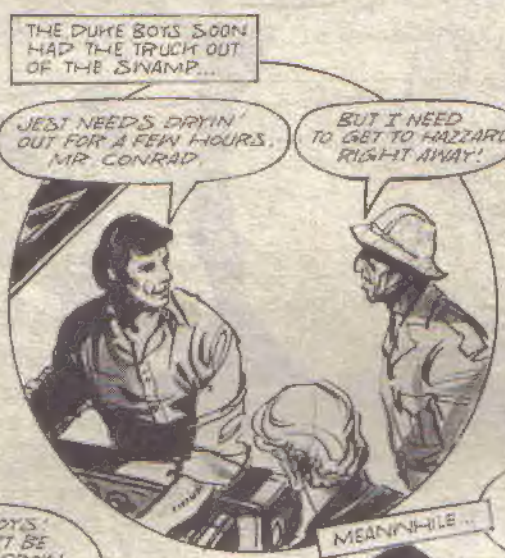
THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

HAVING TAK'EN DEAN DANVERS INTO CUSTODY FOR NOT GOING TO SCHOOL, BOSS HOGG SEEMS SURE OF GETTING THE ROAD ACROSS ED DANVERS LAND. AS THE OLD MAN IS HELPLESS IN HOSPITAL, THE DUKE BOYS ARE HIS LAST HOPE...
GUESS ED DANVERS IS RIGHT; I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THIS ALL UNDER CONCRETE!
WELL, LESS'N YOU KNOW OF A WAY, THAT'S HOW BOSS HOGG MEANS IT TO BE, BO!


THE DUKE BOYS SOON HAD THE TRUCK OUT OF THE SWAMP...
JESS NEEDS DRYIN' OUT FOR A FEW HOURS, MR. CONRAD.
BUT I NEED TO GET TO HAZZARD RIGHT AWAY!

MEANWHILE..
THE SHERIFF AND ME HAVE BROUGHT THIS BOY TO SEE HIS GRANPAPPY, NURSE!
NOT TOO MUCH NOISE! MR. DANVERS IS STILL A SICK MAN!

PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU, DANVERS.
CAN'T SAY THE SAME, HOGG. BUT AT LEAST DEAN IS FREE AGAIN!
OUTSIDE...
JUS' FOLLOW ROSCOE TO THE SITE, FRIEND. EVERYTHING IS SIGNED AND READY TO GO!
SURE WILL!
SUDDENLY...
I RECKON THIS DEAL WILL MAKE ME A BILLIONAIRE, ROSCOE! STILL, I DESERVE IT! NO MAN SMARTER IN HAZZARD COUNTY!
AND THAT'S A FACT, BOSS HOGG!
IT'S THEM BLAMED DUKE BOYS!
THEY HAD BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE THIS TIME!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER LISTEN TO MR. CONRAD BEFORE YOU TAKE THIS LOT ANY FURTHER, BOSS!
SEEMS HE'S A GOVERNMENT CONSERVATION OFFICER!
THE PRESIDENT IS ANXIOUS TO PRESERVE OUR DISAPPEARING WILDLIFE! THOSE DUNLOP HERONS MUST BE PROTECTED!
BUT MY SWAMP... I CAN'T BUILD ON IT!
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A SMALL HOTEL MR. CONRAD SAID PEOPLE WILL WANT TO SEE THOSE HERONS!
AND I CAN TAKE IT EASY, LIKE THE DOCTOR TOLD ME!
AND DEAN CAN GO TO SCHOOL REGULAR!
WEEKS LATER...
SWEETEST DAY OF MY LIFE, TAKIN' MONEY FROM OLD HOGG FOR NOTHIN' IN RETURN!
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?
ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

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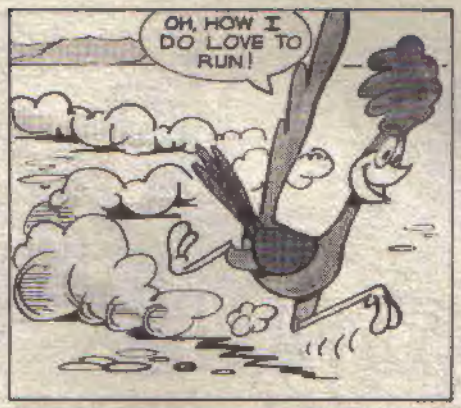
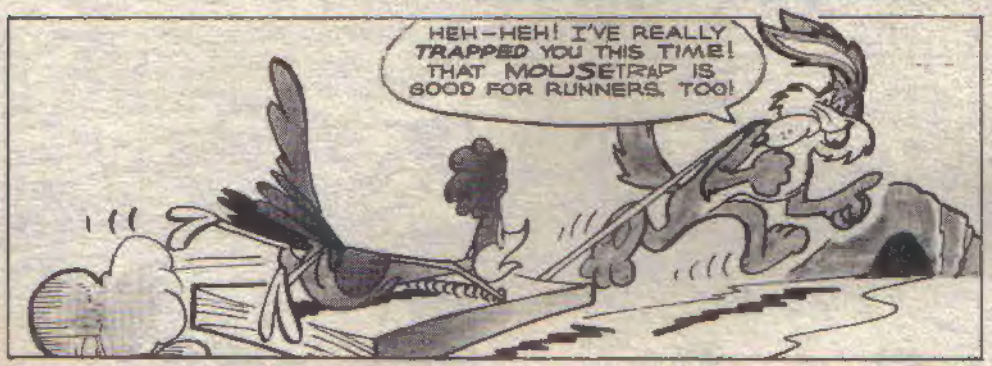
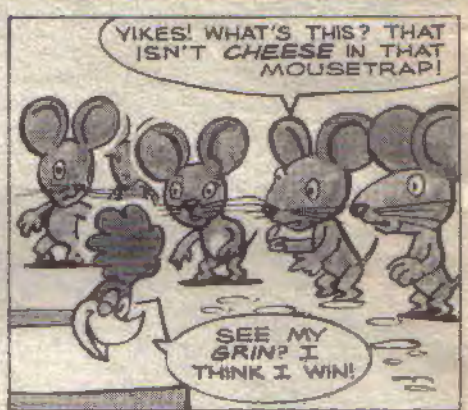
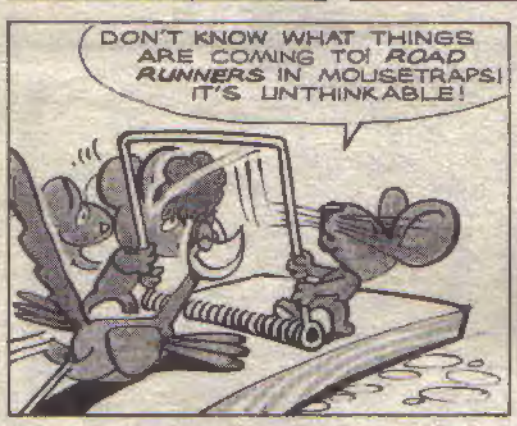
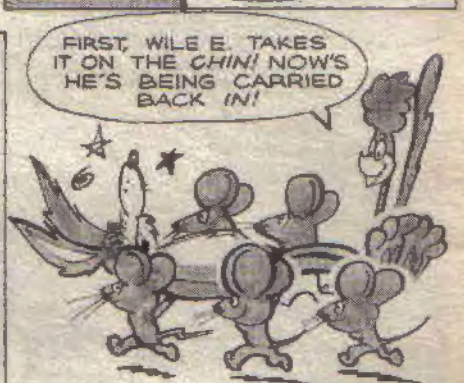
BEEP! BEEP! The Road Runner

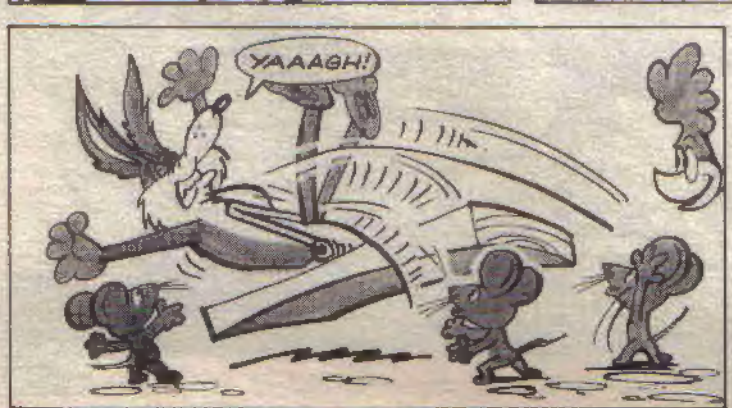


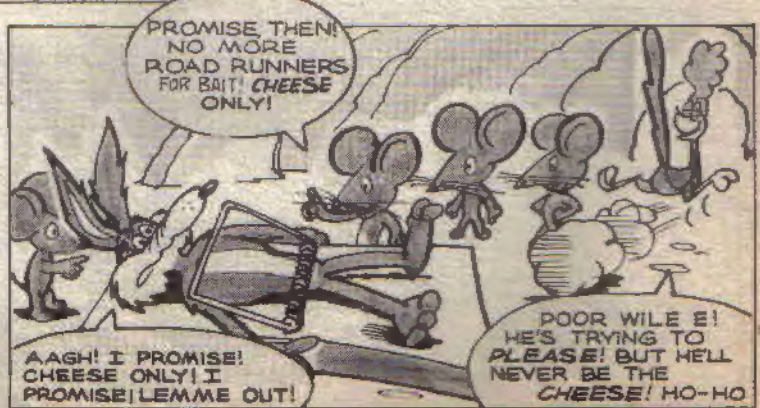











PROMISE, THEN! NO MORE ROAD RUNNERS FOR BAIT! CHEESE ONLY!
AAGH! I PROMISE! CHEESE ONLY! I PROMISE! LEMME OUT!
POOR WILE E! HE'S TRYING TO PLEASE! BUT HE'LL NEVER BE THE CHEESE! HO-HO

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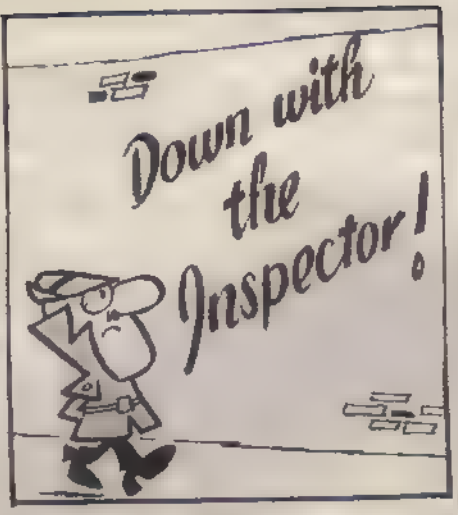

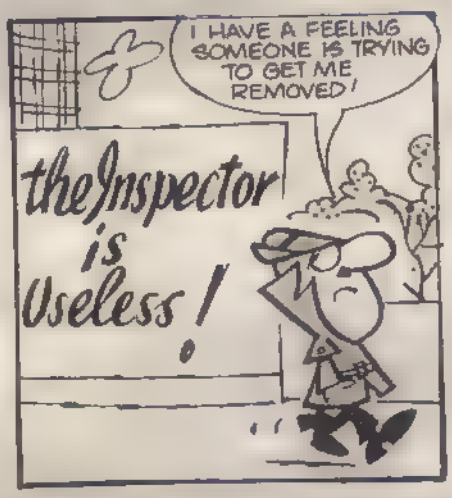

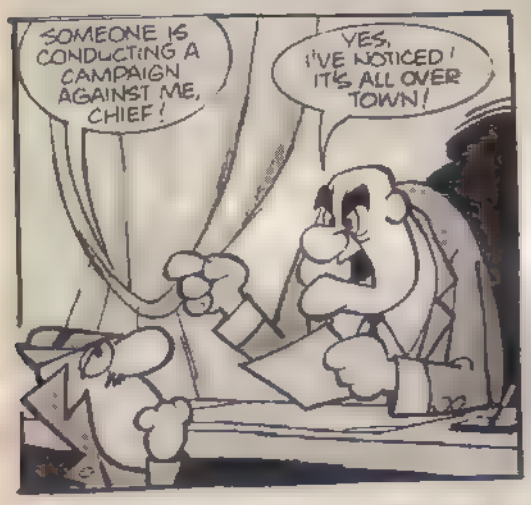

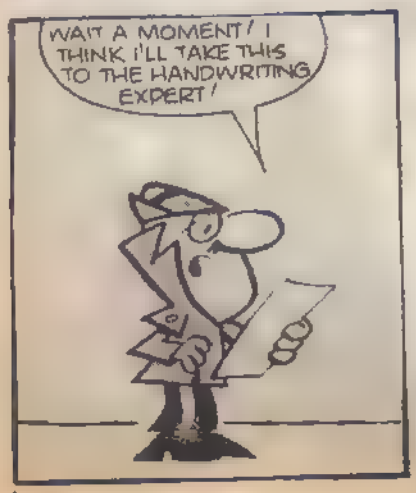

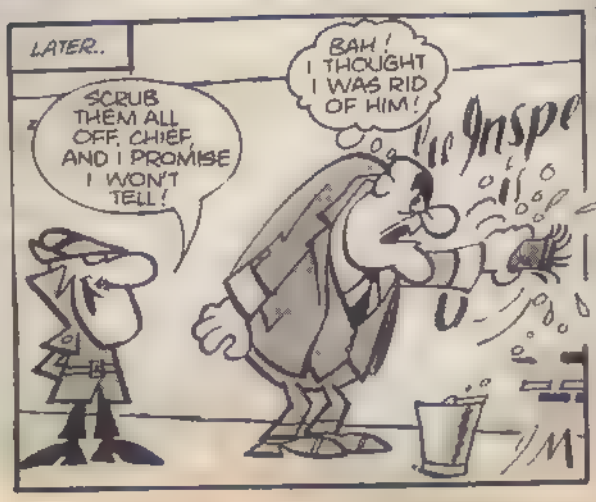

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The BISTO Kids
ANY JOBS TO BE DONE MISTER RING-MASTER?
SURE! AND THERE WILL BE A FREE LUNCH FOR YOU WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED!
LATER...
IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO LONG UNTIL LUNCH TIME!
JUST ONE MORE JOB, KIDS! TAKE THIS UP TO THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER'S PLATFORM!
NEARLY THERE!
SUDDENLY...
HEY!
MM-MM!
QUICK! LET'S HURRY DOWN TO THAT DELICIOUS BISTO!
THIS WAY! IT'S QUICKER!
GULP I'VE JUST REALISED! THERE'S AN EVEN QUICKER WAY TO GET DOWN!
YOU D...DON'T MEAN...?
YOW!
HOORAY! WE'VE LANDED SAFELY IN THE SAFETY NET!...
...AND BOUNCED IN FOR THE BISTO!

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BUZBY
BUZBY
HI, BUZBY! LOVELY DAY!
IT IS INDEED, ROCKY!
JUST LOOK AT ALL THE INFORMATION SERVICES YOU CAN DIAL NOW-A-DAYS!
STORIES... RECIPES... CRICKET SCORES...
INFORMATION SERVICES
THAT'S AN IDEA! I'LL DIAL THE CRICKET SCORES!
EH? NOTHING'S HAPPENED!
?
?
SO...
OPERATOR? I'VE DIALLED THE CRICKET SCORES AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED!
I'M SORRY, SIR - CRICKET IS FINISHED NOW. THE SERVICE IS DISCONTINUED UNTIL NEXT SUMMER!
MEVIN
GULP! SHE'S RIGHT! I'D FORGOTTEN! WINTER'S COMING!
YOU CAN FEEL IT ALREADY! THAT NIP IN THE AIR! ...COMING FROM THE NORTH!
SOON IT WILL BE A FREEZING GALE, BITING INTO THE VERY MARROW OF MY BONES!
HI, BUZBY! STILL A LOVELY DAY!
SHUT UP!

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£2 CASH PRIZE FOR THE BEST LETTER PUBLISHED!

Your LETTERS and LAUGHS PAGE

Dear Editor,

When I was small, Mum was showing my new baby sister to a friend. She told her that the baby was eight pounds (meaning her weight). But I jumped up and said, "Crumbs! I didn't know you had to pay for babies!" Sarah O'Doherty, Tipperary, Ireland.

Here is a puzzle sent in by Paul Adamson of Lydney, Glos.
What has six sides, adds up to 21, but has no numbers?
Answer at the foot of the page.

Dear Editor,

My Mum says that all the family should *economise*. So every week she gives me £10.00 to get the shopping at Fine Fare. "Look for the cheapest things," she says. Did you know I am not allowed any sweets during the week, until I get my pocket money? (which is 30p). Did you know my dog gets more money spent on him than me? Dog food is 25p, and he gets one feed a day, which adds up to £1.75 (I think). Do you think that's fair? From Michaela Parke, Norwich, Norfolk.

Bet you get nicer dinners than your dog, and I reckon your Mum probably pays for your coats when he gets his for free!

Joke by Mitzi Cunniffe, Oldham, Lancs.

From Susan Cordell, Bedford.

Dear TV Comic,

When I was on holiday with my grandmother, we went shopping. She got some bread and butter and then she gave me 20p to buy what I liked, while she went to get some jam, and because she hadn't got her glasses with her, she picked up a jar of beetroot instead! I sure hope she didn't put it on her bread! Ann-Marie Ryan, Co. Tipperary, Ireland.

Here is a joke for your Grandmother.
Which is the stickiest letter?
Answer: 'A', because it is always in the middle of jam!

Here is a limerick sent in by Robert Leonard.

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who was very fond of small gherkins.
One day at tea,
She ate forty-three,
And pickled her internal workin's.

Dear Editor,

I have a dog named Bowson, he is five years old. Just the other week he got one of those grass darts in his front and back paws. My Mam said to me to take him to the vet, so I did. The vet said to bathe them (his paws) in the hottest water you can bear on the back of your hand. After that he started to limp, but every time you didn't look at him he started to walk normally. Now every time you look at him and start to pet him up, he always starts to limp. I think that he is putting it on. From Jacqueline Wastell, South Shields, Tyne & Wear.

The answer to Paul's puzzle is a dice.

This week's prizewinner is Michaela Parke. She wins a £2.00 postal order. Send your Letters and Laughs to: The Editor, Letters and Laughs Page, P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

TV TERRORS
HEH! HEH! YOU'VE HEARD OF A ROBOT, WELL THIS IS A BOOTERATOR! I PLAN TO USE IT AGAINST THE TERRORS!
1505
LATER, AT THE STUDIO...
WATCH MY BOOTERATOR GO TO WORK ON ON THE TERRORS! HAR! HAR!
WHAT ON EARTH HAS HOPPIT BEEN UP TO?
WHIRR!
CLICK!
WHIRR! WHIRR!
YAAARGH!
CREAK! CLANK!
BOINK! BOINK! BOINK!
THIS IS GREAT... IT SAVES ME WORK!
DON'T COME BACK OR YOU'LL GET MORE! MY BOOTERATOR WILL BE ON GUARD FROM NOW ON!
BAH! WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HOPPIT'S MECHANICAL ASSISTANT!
YEAH!
YOU BET!
LATER, IN THE STUDIO'S BACK YARD...
WOW! LOOK THERE... THAT'S ONE OF THE ROBOTS THEY USE IN THE DOCTOR WHO TV PROGRAMME!
AND THERE'S A CONTROL BOX BESIDE IT.
SO... SQUEAK
WHOOPEE... IT WORKS! WE'LL USE IT AGAINST HOPPIT'S BOOTERATOR!
CLUNK!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WE'VE GOT A ROBOT OF OUR OWN, NOW HOPPIT... PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
LURCH!
CLUMP!
WHIRR!
THUMP!
THUMP!
MY BOOTERATOR WILL MAKE MINCE-METAL OF YOUR TIN CAN! HEE! HEE!
KLANG!
CLUNK!
DOING!
CRASH!
MEANWHILE, IN THE PRODUCERS OFFICE...
WHAT A HORRIBLE NOISE... HOPPIT'S SUPPOSED TO KEEP THINGS QUIET OUTSIDE THE STUDIO!
KLAAANG!
BONG!
BASH!
CRASH!
MINUTES LATER...
SO IT'S YOU AND YOUR SILLY TIN TOYS THAT ARE CAUSING ALL THIS RACKET IS IT?...
OH, NO... IT'S THE PRODUCER!
CLUNK!
WHIRR-R!
GRUNCH!
BANG!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO GIVE ME A HEADACHE AND LITTER THE OUTSIDE OF THE STUDIO WITH JUNK!
I'M OFF!
R-RR-TICK
YEEEAAAH!
WHUMP!
THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO MEDDLE WITH METAL MEN! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HOPPIT'S BEING BOOTED BY A BOOT FROM HIS OWN BOOTERATOR!

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POPEYE
SPINACH
WHAT YA DOIN', UNCA POPEYE?
I'M THINKIN'!
WHAT YA THINKIN', UNCA POPEYE?
I'M TRYIN' TO DECIDE WHETHER TO GIVE BRUTUS A LEFT HOOK, A RIGHT HOOK, OR AN UPPER CUT, FOR SINKIN' MY BOAT!
I'VE MADE MY DECISION!
TAKE THAT, YA NO-GOOD SLOB!
WHAM!
WHAT YA THINKIN' NOW, UNCA POPEYE?
I'M THINKIN' MAYBE I WAS WRONG!
MAYBE THE RIGHT HOOK WOULD BE MORE SUITABLE!
THUMP!
MEVIN
STILL THINKIN', UNCA POPEYE?
YEAH!
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TRIED THE UPPERCUT!
POW!
MAYBE I WAS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!
WHAT YA THINKIN', BRUTUS?
I'M THINKIN', IT'S ABOUT TIME POPEYE MADE UP HIS MIND!

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